

SOME OF MY READERS

I liked it coming out of the expensive
cafe in Germany
that rainy night
some of the ladies had learned that I
was in there
and as I walked out well-fed and
intoxicated
the ladies waved hand-painted
placards
and screamed at me
but all I recognized was my
name.

I asked a German friend what they were
saying.

"they hate you," he told me,
"they are part of the German Female
Liberation Movement"

I stood and watched them, they were
beautiful and screaming, I
loved them all, I laughed, waved,
blew them kisses.

then my friend, my publisher and my
girlfriend got me into the car, the
engine started, the windshield wipers
began thrashing
and we drove off in the rain
as I looked back
watched them standing in that
terrible weather
waving their cards and their fists.

it was so nice to be known
in the country of my birth, that
was what mattered
most

back at the hotel room
opening bottles of wine
with my friends

I missed them most,
those angry wet
passionate ladies
of the night.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA